THE

STRUWWELPETER ALPHABET

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

Illustrated by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

LONDON:
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THE
STRUWWELPETER ALPHABET.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Uniform with this Volume.

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Political Struwwelpeter,

WITH VERSES BY

HAROLD BEGBIE,

And Illustrations in Colours by

F. Carruthers Gould.

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS,

9 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

. . THE . .

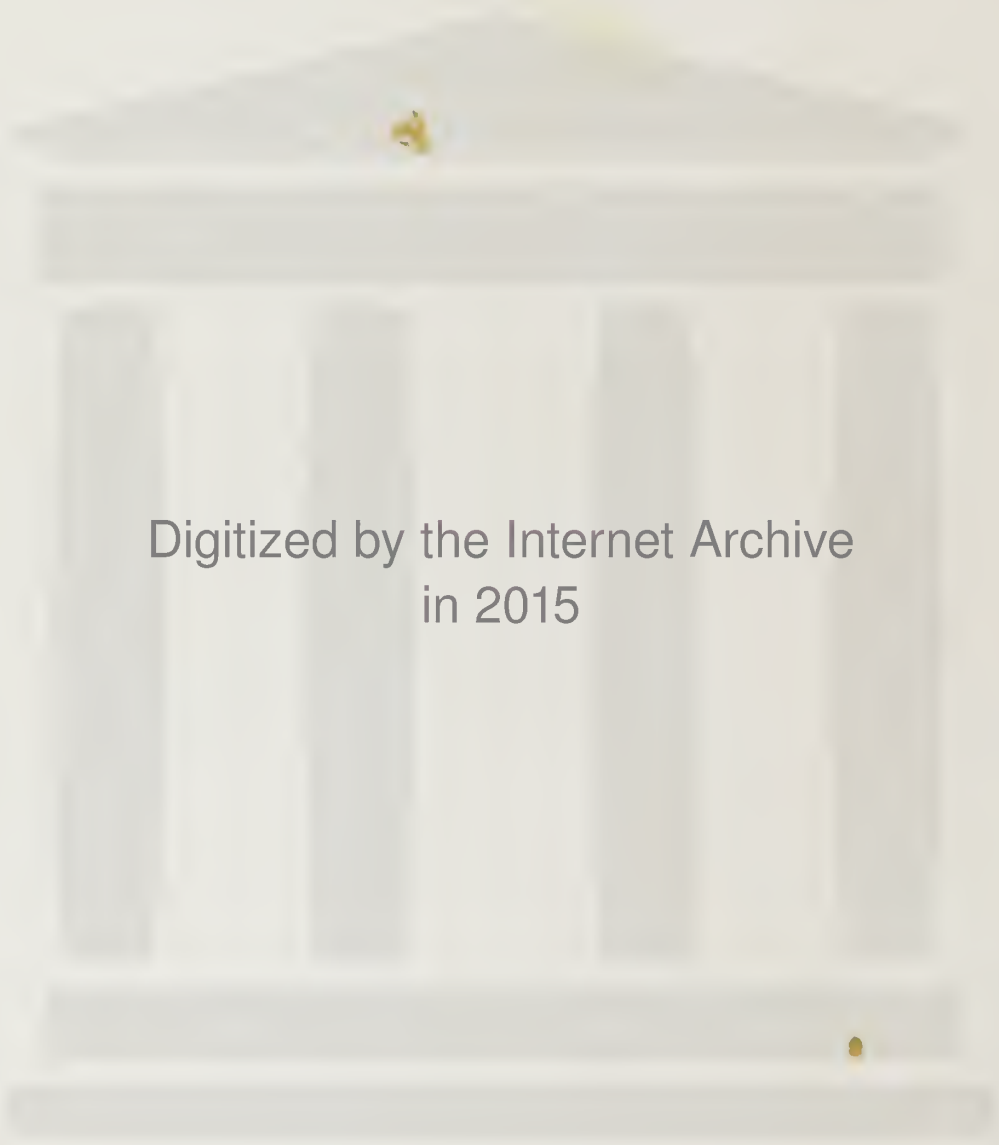
Struwwelpeter Alphabet.

INTRODUCTION.

When you've licked your soldiers dry,
Put your tops and ninepins by,
Ask Papa to let you look
At this elevating book;
Leaning up against his knee
Learn your Era's A.B.C.,
Gazing humbly on your betters,
Pictured here as Men of Letters;
Learn with joy that awful mystery
Called by tutors 'Modern History';
And when you have read the story
Go to bed and dream of glory—
Hoping when you've made a name
Gould will hand you down to fame.

The Indefinite Article.

A is for Arthur; he's hurrying off
For a serious, critical fortnight of Golf.
From toil of such nature he finds relaxation
At our big Golden Treasury, foozling the nation;
And if Golf doesn't press, Arthur stops now and then
To vindicate Arthur's Creator to men.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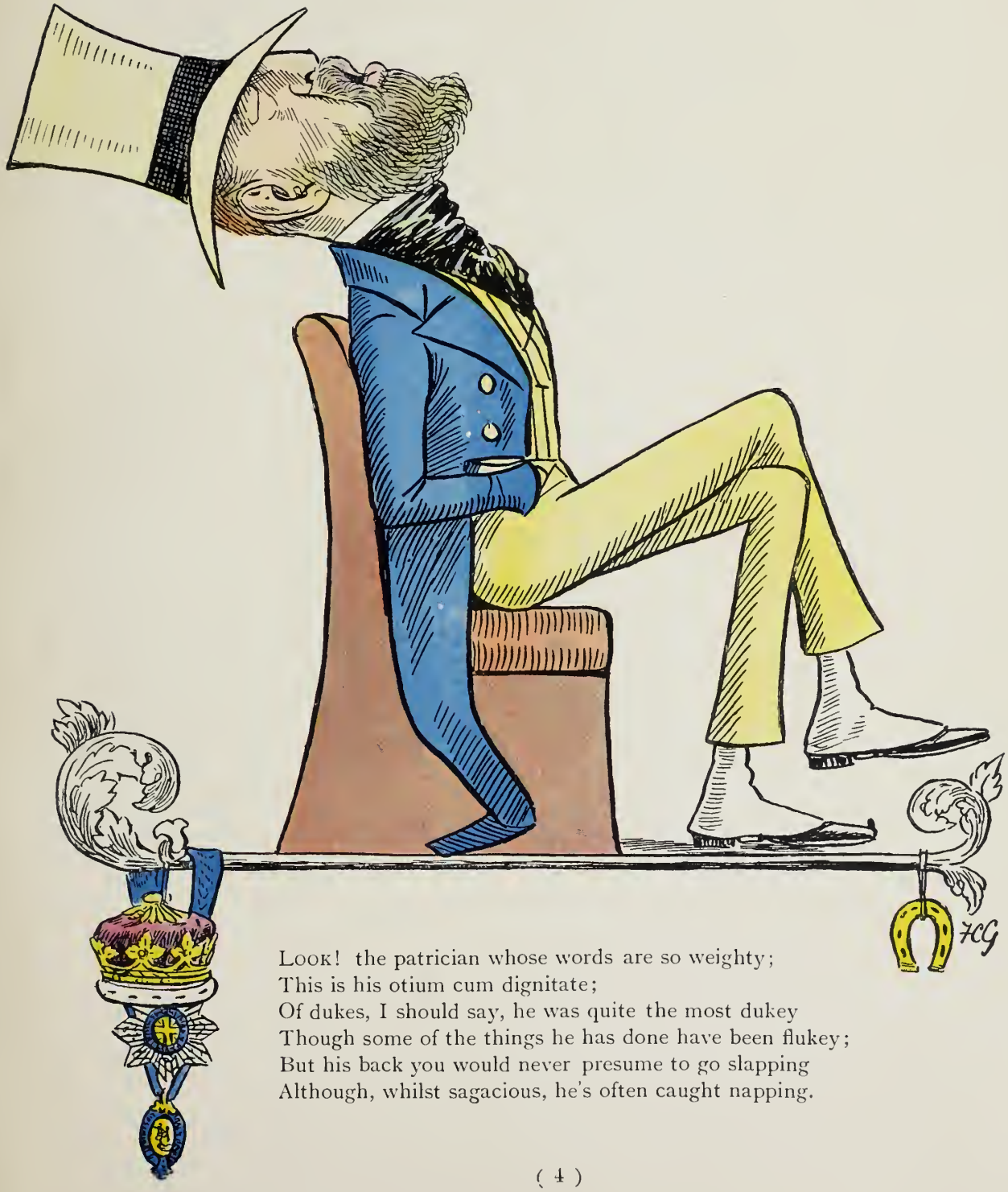
Busy B's.

When Buller's side by side with Bobs
With martial pride the bosom throbs;
Add Beresford, another **B**,
And O! you long to go to C.

A Queer C.

QUAKER Clarke is here for **C**,
Just as shocked as he can be!
Both his ears he has to stop
When the guns go *pop-pop-pop!*
"Such a thing should never be!"
Says this very queer Q.C.

The Big D.

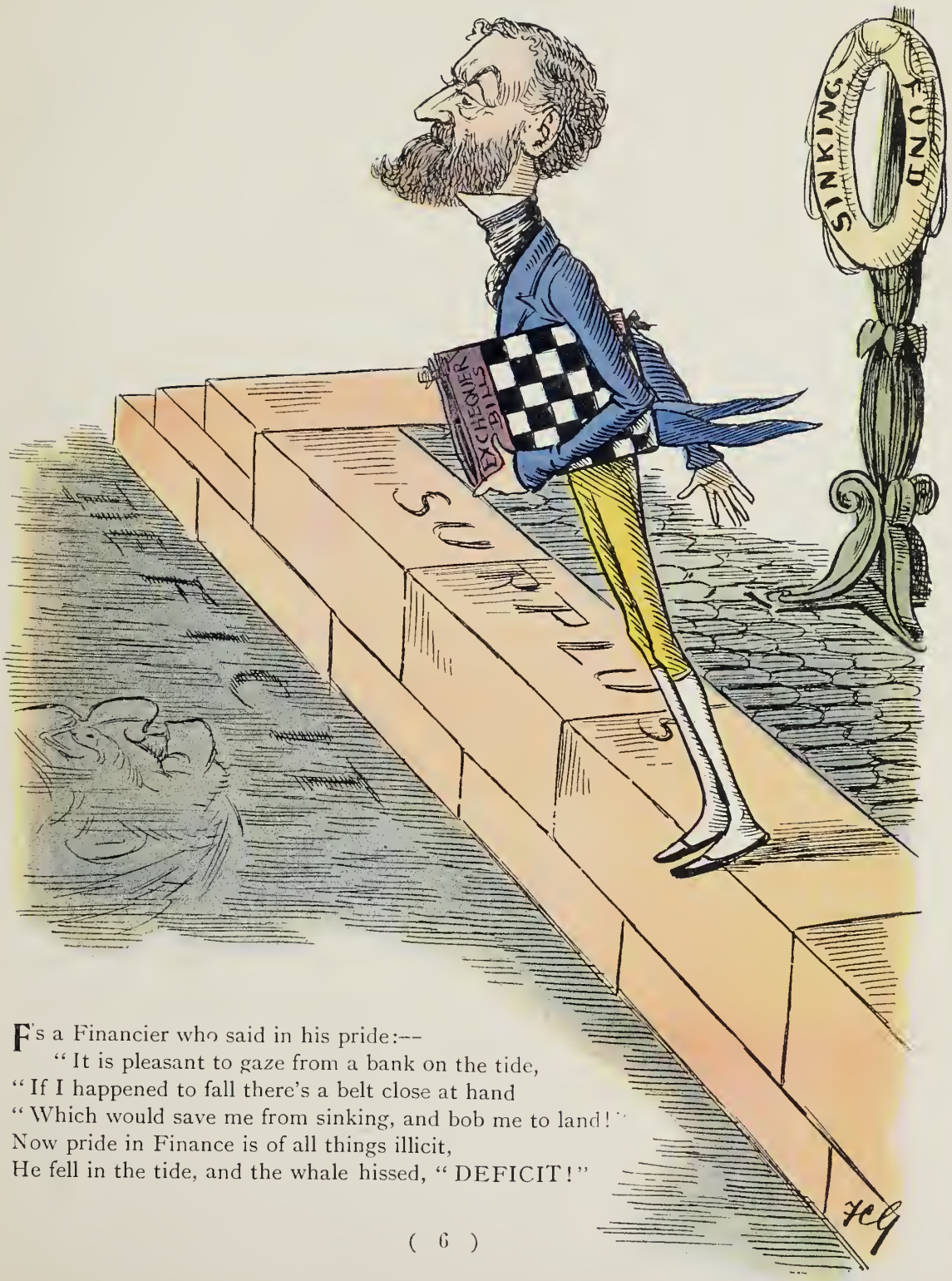


Look! the patrician whose words are so weighty;
This is his otium cum dignitate;
Of dukes, I should say, he was quite the most dukey
Though some of the things he has done have been flukey;
But his back you would never presume to go slapping
Although, whilst sagacious, he's often caught napping.

The Early E.

HERE'S **E,** which is Earl, the great Earl on the sack;
With his very broad smile and his very broad back;
His relations are more than the sands of the earth,
And for every new babe he must find a new berth;
But he sits on the sack with a cock-a-hoop smile
Which the blindest of mortals might see for a mile.

Capital F.



F's a Financier who said in his pride:--
"It is pleasant to gaze from a bank on the tide,
"If I happened to fall there's a belt close at hand
"Which would save me from sinking, and bob me to land!"
Now pride in Finance is of all things illicit,
He fell in the tide, and the whale hissed, "DEFICIT!"

The Top G.

THE German Emperor is **G**,
He rules mankind by Heaven's decree.
It is a most inspiring sight
To see him robed in all his might,
With frothing tankard raised on high,
Exclaiming:—"Hoch! (hic), Hoch! I'm dry,"
While Burghers whisper as he's shouting,
"Odd that our William's dry when spouting!"

Aspiring H.

H is for Harcourt, who left in the lurch
His friends at S. Stephen's to physic the Church;
He makes his own mixture and loves to dispense it
Without any lowering quack-stuff of Kensit.
In the nice little picture that catches your eye
He's reducing a temperature *raythe*r too High.

I Art.

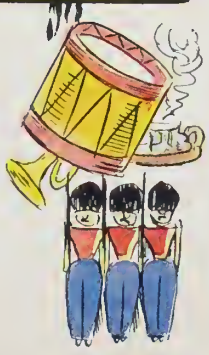
I is for Irving who talks to the Yankee
And helps the entente without getting a "Thankee";
But here in the picture the starring knight stands,
Knees knocking, chest rocking, with clutchety hands:
O! is it a dagger, or goblin blood-curdly
That makes dear Sir Henry go on so absurdly?

A Couple of J's.

ERE Joey had made for Great Britain alliances
He was Mayor of the City of artful appliances;
Behold him here strutting with blandest benignity,
Enjoying with Jesse the first sweets of dignity.

K, k.

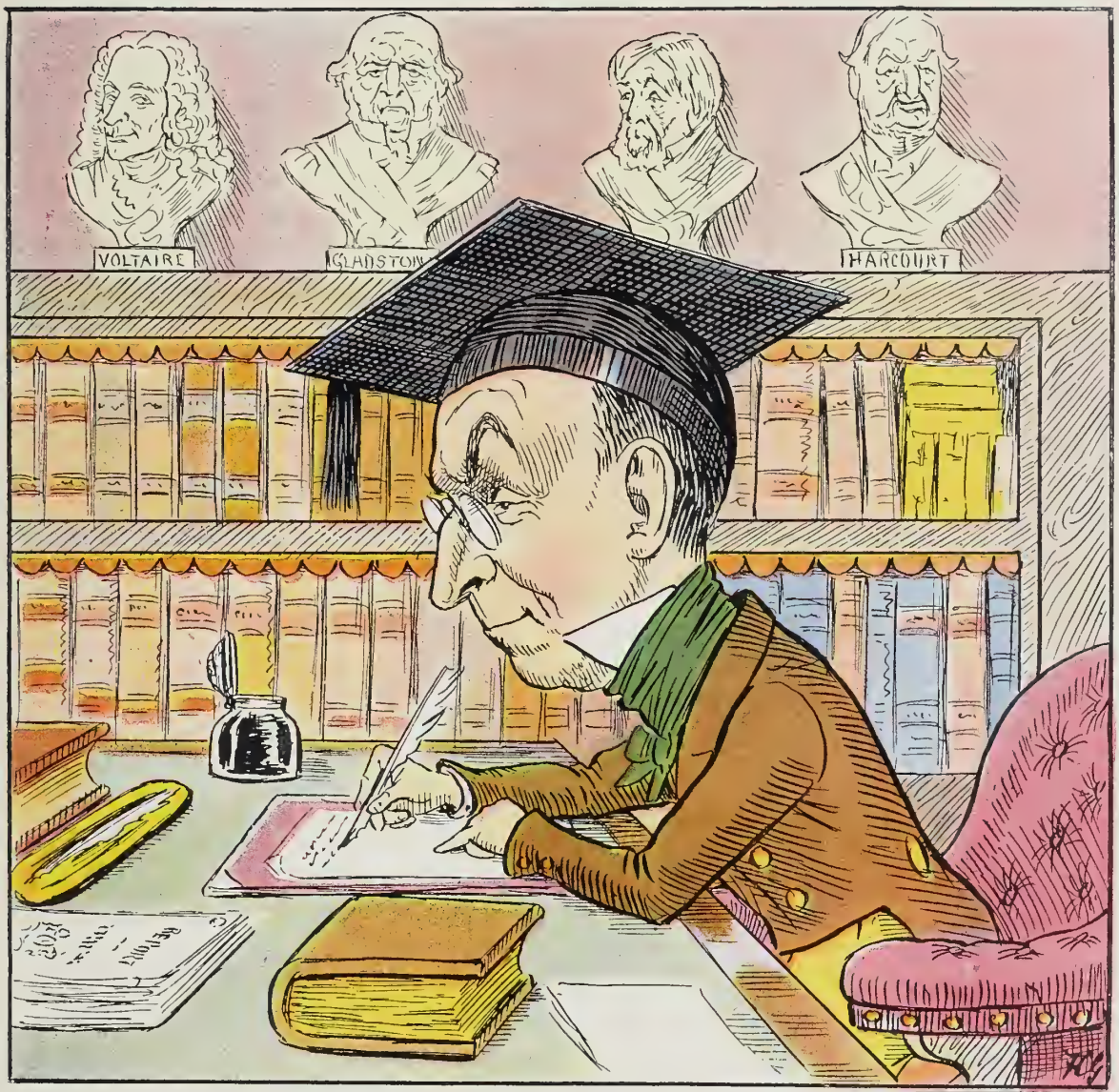
MEN of different trades and sizes
Here you see before your eyeses;
Lanky sword and stumpy pen,
Doing useful things for men;
When the Empire wants a stitch in her
Send for Kipling and for Kitchener.



L Dorado.

L is China s great big Li
With his feather sticking high,
You will also please to note
Li's symbolic yellow coat.
Here he tries to scorch away
On a cycle through Cathay,
While the Son of Heaven's Aunt
Stamps her stump, and says he shan't.

The M Pyrean.



THIS is Morley—Honest John
Full of learning as a Don;
Politics afflict him sorely,
Writing books he likes much morely;
O he hates the strife of Crankdom
When he's musing in his sanctum.

The Broody N.

Here broods little Nicholas
Thinking he knows all,
And hoping he'll tickle us
With his Proposal;
But strife upon earth he will never abolish
Until he gets rid of his Finnish and Polish.

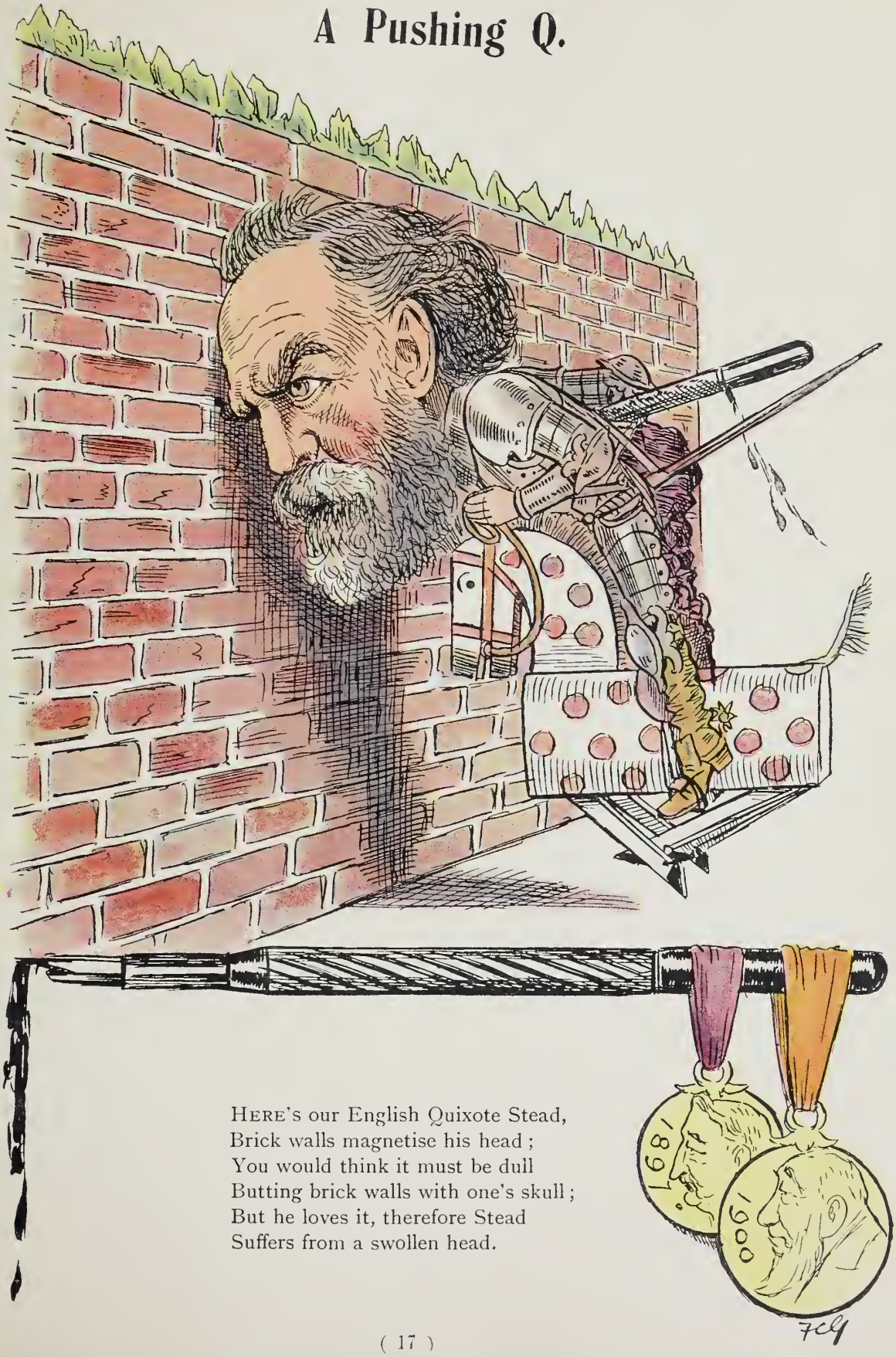
O!

When the children are in bed
O the Ogre shows his head,
Creeps along the rumpled sheet,
Tickling with his ghostly feet;
How can children take their rest
With an Ogre on their chest.

Parker's Peace.

P for Parker filling pews
By ignoring P's and Q's;
It is part of Parker's work
Now and then to damn the Turk;
O I don't think there's a worser
Person than a pulpit-curser!

A Pushing Q.



HERE's our English Quixote Stead,
Brick walls magnetise his head;
You would think it must be dull
Butting brick walls with one's skull;
But he loves it, therefore Stead
Suffers from a swollen head.

The Diamond Mine R.

R is Rhodes with beating heart,
Jim's upset his apple cart;
Rhodes is in a dreadful fright
For he will not get a Beit;
O it was a nasty slip—
All poor Rhodes will get 's—the pip.

The Mark S.

S stands for Salisbury;
In speeches important
He's certain to utter
Some phrase that he oughtn't.

Strong T.

T's for artful Tiger Tim,
O! dear children, look at him!
Don't attempt to cross this T,
He's as wily as can be;
And his tongue——! compared with Healy
Willie Redmond's mouth is mealy!

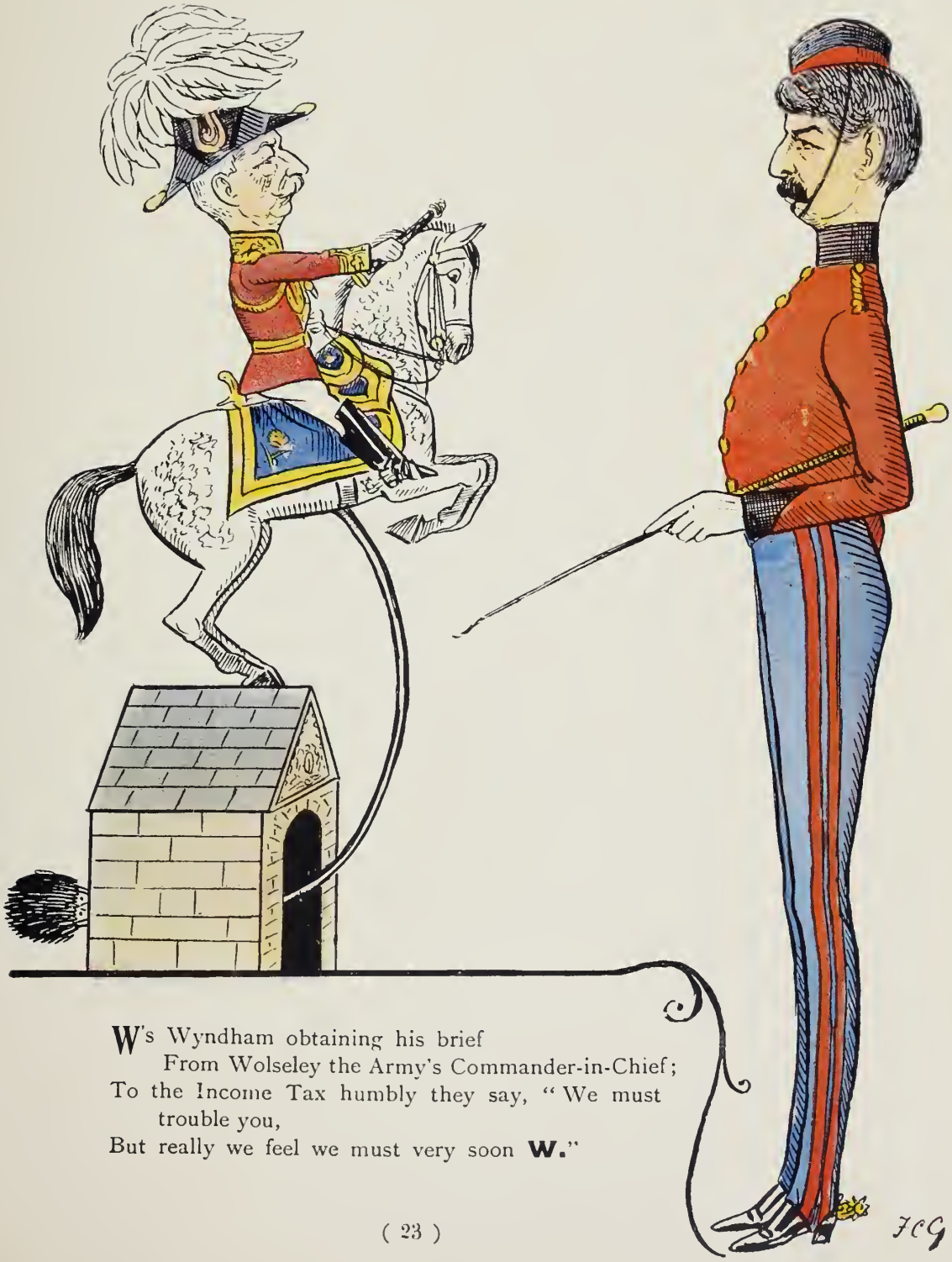
U=Nivocal.

U is the Unction good Leonard displays
When he differs in toto from other folks' way;
There isn't a man in S. Stephen's who sees with him,
No medicine or food or opinion agrees with him;
There never was seen such a Unit for ages
As Courtney of Chelsea—the last of the sages.

Ode of V.

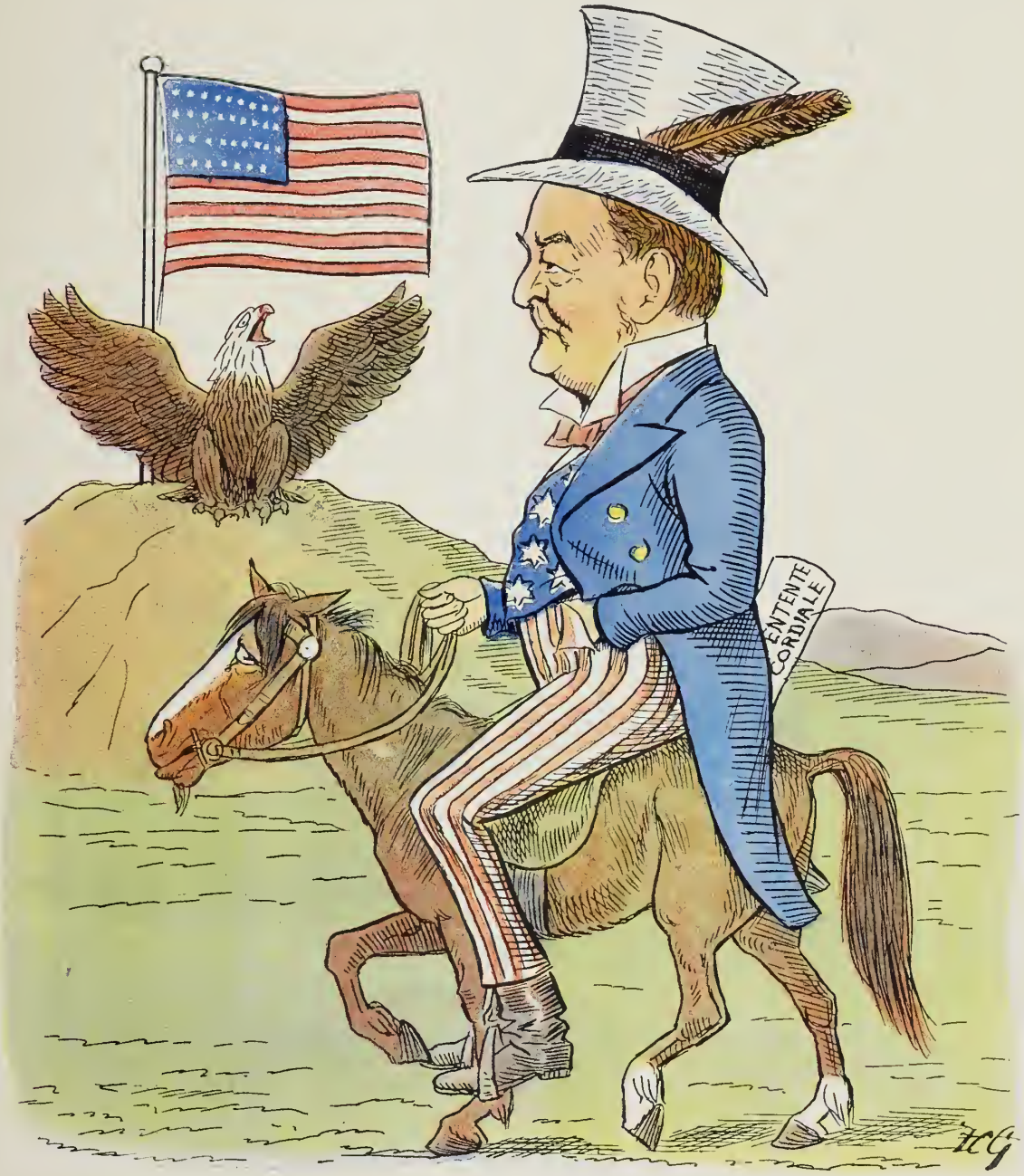
VISCOUNT and Viceroy you see under **V**
And a very superior person is he;
His deportment great Rajahs and Potentates
humbles—
O look how his elephant totters and stumbles.

W's.



W's Wyndham obtaining his brief
From Wolseley the Army's Commander-in-Chief;
To the Income Tax humbly they say, "We must trouble you,
But really we feel we must very soon **W.**"

His X cellency.



HERE you see as plain as day
XLNC from U.S.A.
His speeches, never in-Choate,
Imply a lot more than they state;
Ne'er have we seen so tacit or
Explicit an Ambassador.

The Augmentative Y.

HERE's our financial Lord Admiral Goschen
Who pitches and tosses about on the ocean;
He goes to the House with a roll in his gait
And hitches his breeches, for reasons of State,
He asks them for quids with his glass to his eye
And repeatedly gurgles: "I ask myself Why—?"

All Z—and Done.

Z is Zola, see his rage,
Look at him on this very page:
He seizes Mercier by the hair
Lays hold of crazy Beaurepaire,
Gonse the fat, Zurlinden natty,
Esterhazy, too, and Paty,
Into the pot by one and twos
He plunges all and cries—"J' accuse!"

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